

Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 24.

Boston, December, 1891.

No. 7.



CHRISTMAS MORNING.

RING, HAPPY CHRISTMAS BELLS.

This is the day that Christ was born!
Hark to the music sweet and wild,
That wakens glad hearts and forlorn
To greet the blessed Child!

O silver bells that ring so clear
All the wintry morning gray,
Rouse up the sleeping world to hear
That Christ was born to-day.

Ring till the children start from sleep,
Sweet with the dream of joy to be,
And clap their little hands and leap,
And shout aloud in glee.

Ring till the sorrowful ones of earth—
Whose lives are spent in toil and tears,
That leave, alas! no place for mirth
In all the dreary years—

Shall hear the tender words He said:
"Come unto me all ye that mourn!"
And gather strength anew to tread
The path His feet have worn.

Ring loud, ring sweet, O Christmas bells,
And tune each waking soul to prayer,
The while your joyful pean swells
Upon the wintry air.

Through misty dawn and sunshine clear,
Ring till the callous hearts of men,
Stirred with the thought of Christ so near,
Grow warm and soft again.

Ring till the tender impulse turns
To pitying thought, to generous deed;
Ring till the eager spirit burns
To succor all that need.

And while ye ring with heart and voice,
Glory to God let all men say,
And every living soul rejoice
That Christ was born to-day.

— Selected.

YOUTHS' COMPANION.

Our friends will be glad to learn that we have sold fifty thousand copies of our "Old Gold" edition of "Black Beauty" to the "Youths' Companion," to be widely distributed over this country.

No one can read the handsome and brilliantly edited monthly, *Our Dumb Animals*, published in Boston, Mass., without being impressed with the grandeur of its mission. There is a peculiar charm in the make-up of the paper that makes one feel that he must read it from beginning to end.—*Hotel Men's Guide, Philadelphia.*

TEN THOUSAND EDITORS.

As this paper goes to another 10,000 American editors who did not receive our November paper, we republish the following:—

A \$1000 PRIZE.

The following appeared in Boston daily papers of October 17, 18, and 19, and is now being widely republished and highly commended by leading papers of the country:—

"BLACK BEAUTY" TO BE DRAMATIZED BY THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

Editor of —

Kindly permit me through your columns to offer, in behalf of our "American Humane Education Society," a prize of one thousand dollars for the best equestrian drama of "Black Beauty" which shall embody the merciful teachings of that book. The decision and award to be made by a committee consisting of the managing editors of three of our Boston dailies who may consent to accept that duty; or by a committee to be appointed or approved by them. The drama to be, in their judgment, of sufficient interest to entitle it to proper public presentation by our theatrical companies. All dramas for the prize to be left at my offices on or before May 1st, 1892.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

Boston, Oct. 17th, 1891.

Kindly permit me to add that nearly a million copies of this book have been printed in the past year and a half, and there is hardly a newspaper of note in this country that has not spoken in its praise. It has been adopted as supplementary reading in public schools as far west as Oregon and California and as far south as Texas.

I shall have the German edition this week, and Spanish, French, Italian, and probably Norwegian and Swedish editions, and quite likely a Japanese edition, will follow.

A beautiful memorial fountain of polished red Scotch granite is now being erected in Ansonia, Conn., in memory of Anna Sewell, its author.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

The following appeared in Boston daily papers of October 29 and 30:—

It gives me great pleasure to say that I have this morning received a call from Mr. Denman Thompson, and that he kindly authorizes me to say that he proposes to try to write an equestrian drama of "Black Beauty" in response to an offer of our "American Humane Education Society" recently published in the papers of Boston and elsewhere.

I am sure that this proposition of Mr. Thompson will be read with sincere pleasure by all lovers of the horse.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Boston, Oct. 22, 1891.

LETTER FROM AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY AT LUCKNOW, INDIA.

LANGHAM HOTEL, BOSTON, Nov. 15, 1891.

MR. G. T. ANGELL:

Dear Sir,—I have spent several hours to-day in reading "Our Dumb Animals," of which I found a bound volume on the parlor table of this hotel. I have lived in far-away India for nearly nineteen years, where the cruelty to animals is the rule. I began the translation of "Black Beauty" some time ago, and hope to finish it before long.

But I write principally to tell you about my "Mittie," who saved my husband's life. The dog always slept in a chair by my bedside. In the middle of the night I was awakened by an alarming bark from Mittie, and, calling out to my husband, I said, "Quick, light the candle, something awful is the matter. Don't you hear Mittie bark?" He quickly lit the candle, and, turning, saw Mittie holding at bay a cobra. The snake was within two feet of the head of the bed, and Mittie was between the snake and the bed. The snake's head was raised, its hood extended, and it was trying to strike the dog with its fangs. My husband jumped out of bed, seized a cane, and broke the back of the snake with the first blow. The cobra was four feet two inches long, and had it bitten my husband he would have been a dead man in two hours' time. After the shock was over do you wonder that we petted and embraced and kissed my Mittie? For had he not saved the life of my beloved? He did many brave things, but none braver than this. He lived to be over thirteen years old, and died in my lap. I need not tell you how I grieved to lose my faithful friend.

I would that "Our Dumb Animals" could be translated into the languages of India and circulated all over that country. My feelings are wrought up to the highest pitch often by the cruelty to animals which I see continually. I wish that I could in some way help you in the work you are doing for the animals I so much love. I return to India about next September, and if I can help in any way, kindly address me. I am here in Boston at present as delegate from India to the "Woman's Christian Temperance Union."—I am, believe me, yours very truly,

N. M. MANSELL.

My India address is Dr. Mrs. Monelle Mansell, Lucknow, India, American Mission.

If thou couldst trust, poor soul,
In Him who rules the whole,
Thou wouldst find peace and rest:
Wisdom and sight are well, but trust is best.
ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

THE ROBIN IN CHURCH.

It was the night before Christmas, and snow was falling. They did not mind it in happy homes, where lamps were lighted, and fires burned cheerily, and tables were spread for tea. But a little robin, cold and hungry, hopped about wearily, seeking shelter and food. Our robins fly away south before snow comes, but this was in a country across the sea, where the robin stays all the year.

The little bird lighted on window-sills, and tapped with his beak, but was hardly heard. Once, two little girls looked out of the window and saw him, but it was so very cold that they quickly ran to the warm fire, and birdie flew away.

After a while, an old man came along in the path that led up to the village church. Robin hopped behind him, and when he opened the door, birdie was close by, and went in without being noticed. Oh how warm and comfortable the church was! The Sunday-school children had been there with their teachers trimming the church with holly and mistletoe, and singing Christmas carols. The fire was to be kept all night, that the church might be warm for the Christmas service. The old man put on fresh coal and went home. Birdie hopped about in the firelight, picking up some crumbs he found on the floor. Some cakes had been given to the children. How welcome this little supper was to the hungry robin you can guess. Then he perched on the railings of the stairs and tucked his head under his wing,—a very sleepy and happy bird. In the morning his bright eyes espied, first thing, the scarlet holly-berries. There was indeed a royal feast in robin's eyes, enough to last for many weeks of wintry weather.

The hours flew on, and the happy children came, and sang their Christmas carols.

Just as the first verse was finished, a clear, rich, joyous song burst from birdie's little throat, high above among the green branches. No one had seen him, and what a sweet surprise it was. The minister raised his hand to keep silence while birdie sang, and then opening the Bible read in reverent tones,—

"Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young: thine altars, O Lord of hosts!"

"This time," said the minister, "our favorite bird, our little Robin Redbreast, has found a lodging and breakfast in the church where we come to pray for our daily bread. Snow is all around, covering the ground and bushes; he was cold and hungry, and might have perished in the storm, but the good All-Father, in His pitying love and tender care, guided the tiny wings hither.

"The little bird praises Him in its joyous song. Shall not we, with far greater reason, praise him gladly?"

MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by NIGHT.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a SAVIOUR, which is CHRIST THE LORD.

And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying: Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

And they came with haste and found Mary and Joseph,

AND THE BABE LYING IN A MANGER."

SAVED BY A PICTURE.

One hot day in July, 1860, a herdsman was driving a lot of cattle to a new ranch near Helena, Texas. It was hot, and he drove part way at night. In passing another herd the cattle became mixed. The next day about noon a dozen or so Texas rangers overtook the herdsman and demanded their cattle which they said were stolen. They were a rough lot of men, with long hair, slouch hats, and covered all over with belts, pistols, bowie-knives. The herdsman was alarmed. It was before the day of law and court-houses in that region, and he knew that he had better shoot five men than kill a mule worth \$5. He felt the responsibility, and offered to explain, but they told him to cut his story short. He offered to turn over the cattle not his own; but they laughed at that, and said they generally took the whole herd and hung the thief, to serve as a warning to others in like cases.

They consulted apart a few moments, and said: "We've made up our minds to give you ten minutes to explain yourself; so you can begin." The poor fellow was completely overcome. He looked at the men, turned pale, and commenced, "How many of you men have wives?" Four or five nodded. "How many have children?" They nodded again. "Then you will know what I mean, and I'll talk to you. I never stole any cattle. I came here three years ago. I am from New Hampshire; I failed there in the panic of '57. I have been saving; I have paid part of my debts; here are the receipts (and he unfolded a lot of them). My friends live East, for I go from place to place and have no home here. I have lived on hard fare. I have slept out on the ground. I am a hard-looking customer, but this is a hard country; these clothes are rough, but I am honest. Days seem like months to me, and months like years. I expect to sell out and go home in November for Thanksgiving. You know, married men, if it was not for those letters from home (here he pulled out his wife's letters), I should give up; but I must get out of debt and live some way, men. I can't say no more, but if you must kill me for what I'm innocent of, send these home. Here are the receipts, my wife's letters; here's my Testament that my mother gave me; here's my little girl's picture—God bless her! (and he kissed it tenderly). Now, men, send these home—and can't you send half what the cattle come to? My family will need it much more when I am gone."

"Hold up now! Stop right there!" said a rough ranger. "Not another word! I say, fellows, such men don't steal! You can go from here. Give us your hand, old boy! That picture an' them letters did the business. But you're lucky, mind ye."

"I'll do better on that," said a rough ranger with a bowie-knife in his hand. "I say, boys, let's buy his cattle and let him go home now!"

They did; and when the money was counted the herdsman was too weak to stand. The sudden change unnerved him completely. An hour later he left on horseback for a near stage-route; and when he left, the rangers shook hands with him, cheered, and looked happy.

JENNY LIND AND THE MONKS.

BY GEO. WILLIAM CURTIS.

There is one story of Jenny Lind which I always recall with entire confidence in its truth, because it ought to be true. After her return from her American triumph she was in Italy, and went one day from Florence to the convent of Vallombrosa, to which the young Milton went when on his travels. When she came to the chapel the monks, with courteous and deprecating regret, told her that no woman could enter. She smiled as she said, "Perhaps if you knew who I am you would let me in." "And who might the gracious lady be?" asked the monks. But when she said, "I am Jenny Lind," every head bowed, and the doors were flung wide open. Then when she seated herself at the organ and sang where Milton had sat and played, I can imagine the heavenly visions that floated before the minds of the monks, and that they crossed themselves reverently as they listened, and believed that St. Cecilia had descended.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over eleven thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over seven hundred thousand members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges mean "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to all."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also, *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed, or *authorized to be signed*—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "Band," and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the President:—

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

3. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

4. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

5. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday-school teachers should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

A Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

CHRISTMAS IN NORWAY.

At Christiania, and in other Norwegian towns, there is a delicate Christmas way of offering to a lady a brooch, or a pair of earrings, in a truss of hay. The house door of the person complimented is pushed open, and there is thrown into the house a truss of hay or straw, a sheaf of corn or bag of chaff. In some part of this "bottle of hay," envelope there is a "needle" of a present to be hunted for. A friend received from her betrothed, according to this Christmas custom, an exceedingly large brown paper parcel, which on being opened revealed a second parcel, with a loving motto on the cover. And so on, parcel within parcel, motto within motto, till the kernel of this paper husk—which was at length discovered to be a delicate piece of minute jewelry—was arrived at.

One of the prettiest of Christmas customs is the Norwegian practice of giving on Christmas Day a dinner to the birds. On Christmas morning every gable, gateway, or barn-door is decorated with a sheaf of corn, fixed on the top of a tall pole, wherefrom it is intended that the birds shall make their Christmas dinner. Even the peasant will contrive to have a handful set for this purpose; and what the birds do not eat on Christmas Day remains for them to finish at their leisure through the winter.

CHRISTMAS IN DENMARK.

In the distant land of Denmark,
At the holy Christmas time
There's a custom so poetic
That it's worthy better rhyme,
'Mong the peasants, poor and humble,
Who our Lord's birthday keep
As a day of thankful gladness,
With a joy that lieth deep.

While the grass and tender herbage
Hidden are beneath the snow,
And the rudest blasts of winter
With sharp, icy coldness blow,
Brightly deck they little gift-trees,
Glittering with their gilded fruit—
Tapers, nuts, and waxen angels
Pendant from each dark green shoot.

And while thus they show each other,
By these tokens of their love,
How they value beyond praising
The great gift of God above
They forget not humbler creatures,
Who their gladness cannot share,
Even the little birds of heaven,
Twittering in the wintry air.

High against a wall are mounted
Unthrashed oats bound on a pole,
Where the snow-birds feast upon them;
Ever this their Christmas dole.
And I think the little snow-birds
Must repay them by their mirth—
Singing sweeter songs of springtime,
Making glad the barren earth.

HELEN HAYS.

CHRISTMAS IN SWEDEN.

They tell a lovely story, in lands beyond the sea,
How, when the King of Glory lay on His mother's knee,
Before the Prophet-princes came, bringing gifts in hand,
The dumb beasts felt the miracle, men could not understand!

The gentle, patient donkey and the ox that trod the corn
Kneel down beside the manger, and knew that Christ was born.
And so they say in Sweden, at twelve, each Christmas night,
The dumb beasts kneel to worship and see the Christmas light!

This fancy makes men kinder to creatures needing care,
They give them Christmas greeting, and dainty Christmas fare;
The cat and dog sup gaily, and a sheaf of golden corn
Is raised above the roof-tree for the birds on Christmas morn!

We do not live in Sweden, but we can feed the birds,
And make dumb creatures happy by kindly deeds and words.
No animal so humble, no creeping worm so small,
But that the God who made us has made and loves them all!

If we to them are cruel, like Christ we cannot be!
And this shall be our lesson from our dear Christmas tree!



THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS.

HONORS TO THE BRUTE CREATION.

On the first night of Christ's life God honored the brute creation. You cannot get into that Bethlehem barn without going past the camels, the mules, the dogs, the oxen. The brutes of that stable heard the first cry of the infant Lord. Some of the old painters represent the oxen and camels kneeling that night before the new-born Babe. And well might they kneel. Have you ever thought that Christ came, among other things, to alleviate the sufferings of the brute creation? Was it not appropriate that he should, during the first few days and nights of his life on earth, be surrounded by the dumb beasts, whose moan and plaint and bellowing have for ages been a prayer to God for the arresting of their tortures and the righting of their wrongs? It did not merely "happen so" that the unintelligent creatures of God should have been that night in close neighborhood. Not a kennel in all the centuries, not a bird's nest, not a worn-out horse on tow-path, not a herd freezing in the poorly built cow-pen, not a freight car in summer time bringing the beebes to market without water through a thousand miles of agony, not a surgeon's room witnessing the struggles of fox, or rabbit, or pigeon, or dog in the horrors of vivisection, but has an interest in the fact that Christ was born in a stable surrounded by brutes. He remembers that night, and the prayer he heard in their pitiful moan he will answer in the punishment of those who maltreat the dumb brutes.

TALMAGE.

A NEW CHRISTMAS GAME.

For the benefit of those who may have become tired of the old-fashioned games usually played at Christmas, we suggest the following:—
Gather a party on Christmas eve, or early Christmas morning, and then hunt up a lot of poor people who have no Christmas dinner, and give them one.
The game can be played by any number of persons, and is warranted to make more real enjoyment and merriment for all who take part in it than any other game.—New York Press.

Not with the weapons of murderous battle,
Squadrons arrayed for the death-dealing strife,
Thunder of cannon and musketry's rattle,
Mangling of bodies and wasting of life.
Not with such enginery,
Fight for humanity,
But with the power of the heart-swaying word,
Right is our panoply,
Love our artillery,
Soul-piercing truth is our two-edged sword.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, December, 1891.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk Street.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper for a public library, reading room, or the public room of a large hotel, can send us eighteen cents in postage stamps to pay postage and will receive the volume.

Persons wishing "Our Dumb Animals" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies, of back numbers.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "Our Dumb Animals" one year for twenty-five cents.

Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty cent subscription.

Our American Humane Education Society sends this paper this month to the editors of about ten thousand newspapers and magazines.

OUR CIRCULATION.

Our smallest monthly circulation last year was 36,000, our largest 75,000.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 1652, Boston.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.

In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances, to examine our report of receipts which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers, please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Person."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to publish this month *four hundred and two new branches* of our "Parent Band of Mercy," making a total of *eleven thousand one hundred and eleven*.

DOCKING HORSES \$100.

I hereby offer, in behalf of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a prize of \$100 for evidence by which the Society shall convict any person in Boston or vicinity of the life mutilation of any horse by the practice called docking.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

ADDRESSES.

Among the many kind invitations to give addresses we are obliged to decline, comes this:—

BRISTOL, R. I., Nov. 13th, 1891.

President GEO. T. ANGELL:
"King Philip Division Band of Mercy" of this town will raise the national colors (10x20 ft.) over Byfield School on Friday, Nov. 20, 1891, at 11 o'clock A. M.

You are most cordially invited to be present and participate in the exercises by favoring us with an address. Among the speakers we expect President Andrews of Brown University, etc., etc.

J. H. BAILEY, President.

Our friends must not think we are getting rich on selling "Black Beauty" at six and twelve cents.

NOVEMBER DIRECTORS.

At the November meeting of the Directors of the "American Humane Education Society" and the "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," President Angell reported that during the year ending November 1 the first-named society had printed about 109,280,000 pages of humane literature, and had about 800,000 pages more now printing; and the last-named society had printed about 7,000,000 of pages, making a total of about 117,080,000 pages. It was unanimously voted to petition the Legislature and use every possible effort the coming winter to obtain an effective law to stop the cruel life mutilation of horses by docking.

Boston agents had dealt during the month with 269 complaints of cruelty, visited the city swill yards, railroad stations, horse auctions, the various farmers' markets, the fish wharf, the grease collectors, and examined many horses on the streets. Thirty-seven horses have been taken from work and forty-five animals mercifully killed; 402 new "Bands of Mercy" had been formed, making the total 11,111.

Many letters were received from persons who will write for the \$1000 prize offered for an equestrian drama of "Black Beauty." The German and Dutch editions of "Black Beauty" were now printed. The Italian would be in a few days; and the book was now being translated by American missionaries into Arabic, Japanese, and the languages spoken in India.

OUR DOCTORS—VIVISECTION.

We have sent our \$500 vivisection prize essays to about 3000 Massachusetts doctors of all schools. Some opinions we have received. We want others. Let every doctor write us what he thinks.

And will all readers kindly give us any facts they may know in regard to the practice of vivisection in our public and private schools.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE WORLD'S CONGRESS OF THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

The month of November will be deemed memorable for the great congress of the "World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union" in Boston, extending from November 13th to 18th inclusive.

On the first day, not only was our great Tremont Temple, seating three thousand, packed to overflowing—every aisle, hall, and ante-room—but also the large Park Street and Bromfield Street churches; and very likely thousands failed to get seats.

On November 13th our letter, presenting to all the delegates copies of "Black Beauty" and various other humane publications, was read from the platform, and a vote of thanks returned; and on the next morning, long before the hall was opened to any one else, we had three men locked inside placing the neatly covered packages in every delegate's seat. The result has been numerous visits to our offices, and, we trust, an influence for humane education which will reach widely.

We were earnestly invited to attend the convention, but were overwhelmed with other duties, and thought these publications would answer quite as well.

"OUR DUMB ANIMALS" AND "BLACK BEAUTY" IN THE NETHERLANDS.

We are delighted to learn by letter from Madame Veuve van der Hucht Kirkhoven, of Scheveningen, Holland, that the reading of "Our Dumb Animals" has led her to have "Black Beauty" translated into the Dutch language, and it is to be widely distributed in the Netherlands. Also that she with other ladies is now organizing "The Dutch Band of Mercy."

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

HON. HENRY O. HOUGHTON.

It is a pleasure to receive the kind letters of our good friend the treasurer of our "American Humane Education Society," who is just now travelling through Europe. In one of the last he writes the following, which will be interesting to our readers:—

"When in Russia I noticed with pleasure that the horses in the droshkies were driven with a rein not much if any larger than a whipcord, and without check-rein or blinders. The whip is a little short one, and I do not remember to have seen it used. The horses are mostly beautiful stallions and go like the wind, controlled chiefly by the voice. Whatever we say about these Russians, they are evidently kind to their horses."

"BLACK BEAUTY" PRICES.

The prices of "Old Gold" editions are six cents at our offices, ten cents when sent by mail; "Terra Cotta" and "Board" editions, on thicker paper, twelve cents at our offices, and twenty cents when sent by mail. A lower price can be made when 1000 or more copies are ordered at once. Express and freight charges on large orders are quite reasonable. Write

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

Our Italian edition of "Black Beauty" will soon be in print, the Spanish, French, and others later.

Our German edition is published by C. J. Krehbiel & Co., Cincinnati, at their expense and for their profit, we furnishing them gratuitously the manuscript translation. The price at retail is 25 cents per copy, or sent by mail 35 cents per copy, and can be procured of us or the publisher. For wholesale prices write C. J. Krehbiel & Co., Cincinnati.

"BLACK BEAUTY" IN FRENCH.

Our translation of "Black Beauty" into the French language has been delayed by the illness of the professor who kindly undertook it. We are glad to say that a Boston lady of French descent and long residence in Paris is now hard at work upon it as a labor of love for our humane cause. We have a most earnest appeal from the Most Reverend Bishop of Hayti for this book in French to be circulated in that island.

OUR SPANISH EDITION OF "BLACK BEAUTY."

Our Spanish edition of "Black Beauty," in view of its wide circulation among all the Spanish-speaking peoples of North and South America, is one of the most important, if not the most important, of all our translations.

It is with deep regret we learn that the kind lady who undertook to translate it without charge, as a work of humanity, and who while in the midst of it was stricken down with sickness, is compelled to relinquish the work.

Of course we can hire it done, but our German, Italian, Volapuk, and Dutch translations have all been made as a free gift, and the Arabic and Japanese translations are now being made on the same terms.

If among the kind readers of our paper there are any competent and willing to undertake this translation, will they kindly inform me at the earliest moment, and much oblige,

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Eight years ago we wrote a volume of autobiographical sketches and recollections, containing many incidents and experiences relating to our humane work.

We printed an edition of five hundred to be given away to our friends, and had the volume electrotyped to be used at some future time.

There is now a demand for a cheap edition, and we make up the record to the present and loan the plates to our "American Humane Education Society," which prints an edition of two thousand to be sold at our offices at the bare cost of printing, six cents a copy, and when sent by mail, ten cents a copy.

The book contains one hundred and fifty-five pages, nearly double the size of the pages of "Black Beauty," and is the third of the series of publications issued by our "American Humane Education Society" in book and pamphlet form, the first being "Black Beauty," the second "our \$500 prize vivisection essays," and the third these autobiographical sketches.

It is printed on good paper, with two photographs of the writer. GEO. T. ANGELL.

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

F.—"How did you happen to tell Mrs. F. that you go to Europe twelve times a year, when you have never crossed the ocean at all?"

C.—"She must have misunderstood me. I merely told her that I had been over the Atlantic Monthly."—The Epoch.

MULES IN THE MINES OF MEXICO.

A most touching appeal comes to us to try and do something for the poor mules working in the silver mines of Mexico, toiling with indescribable abuse until worn out, then turned out to die of starvation.

The writer prays God to open a way for our missionary work in Mexico.

We answer that we hope to reach Mexico sooner or later,—that calls are coming to us in behalf of hundreds of millions of dumb animals in suffering around the world, and we only wish we had a million dollars to use in sending humane missionaries and education in their behalf.

WANTED—ANOTHER MISSIONARY.

A most earnest appeal comes to us to send a missionary of our "American Humane Education Society" to form "Humane Societies" and "Bands of Mercy" on our Pacific Coast.

We wish we had a hundred to send out all over this country, but are compelled to answer that while the field is boundless we must wait until Divine Providence gives us greater power.

SYRIA, EGYPT, PALESTINE.

As our readers will remember, we published in November paper a letter from Rev. Dr. Henry H. Jessup, American missionary at Beirut, Syria, that "Black Beauty" was being translated into Arabic, and making an earnest appeal to us to aid him in circulating a cheap edition in Syria, Palestine, and Egypt.

We say again, as we said in November, that our "American Humane Education Society" wants to help him, and we shall be glad to have any of our readers who believe in this kind of foreign missions send us contributions for this purpose.

We shall be equally glad to receive from those who think home missions more important, what they can afford for that.

We do not wish friends who are poor to make improper sacrifices, but we should be most glad to get from those who can afford it the means to increase our work a hundred fold.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

FOREIGN MISSIONS—TO CLERGYMEN AND OTHERS.

The translation of "Black Beauty" into Arabic by our American missionaries, for the purpose of circulating it in Syria, Palestine, and Egypt, leads us to suggest whether this most excellent book, welcomed alike by old and young, educated and illiterate, may not have another mission not yet fully realized.

As it is undoubtedly one of the most effective, if not the most effective, temperance story ever written, because read with profound interest by hundreds of thousands who will never read a so-called temperance tract, so is it not possible that its wide distribution by Christian missionary societies in heathen lands may lead to a higher appreciation of Christianity, and so aid in preparing the way for missionary labor?

It was written by a profoundly religious woman, and in the words of one of our most distinguished American divines,—

"It teaches almost everything which goes to make up a Christian character."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE FIRST CONTRIBUTION TO CIRCULATE "BLACK BEAUTY" IN SYRIA, PALESTINE, AND EGYPT.

MR. GEO. T. ANGELL:

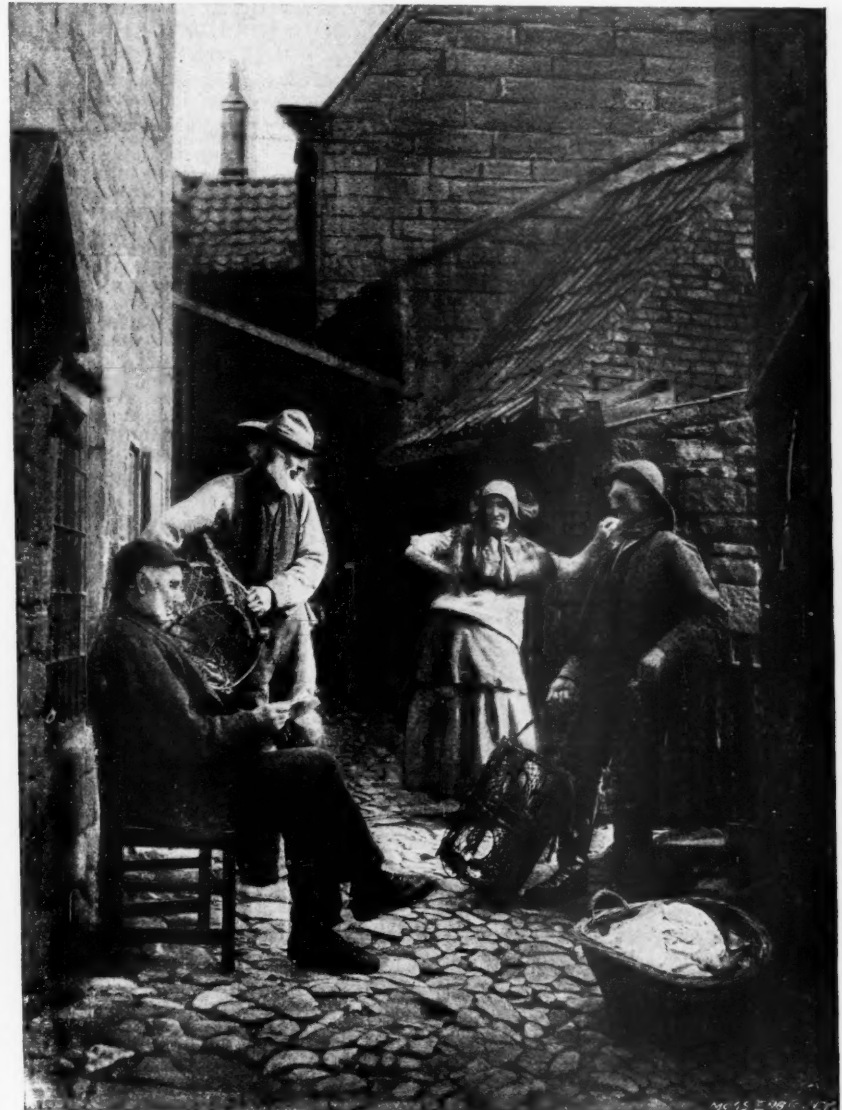
My Dear Sir,—Please find enclosed the sum of five dollars for the work undertaken by the Rev. Henry H. Jessup. It is a small sum but may serve as a nucleus.—Respectfully yours,
Nov. 10th, 1891.

Mrs. C. S. ROGERS.

ANOTHER CONTRIBUTION.

97 WARREN ST., ROXBURY, NOV. 11, 1891.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL,—Enclosed please find one



JACK'S LETTER—HE IS COMING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS.

For this beautiful cut we are indebted to "The Moss Engraving Company," 535 Pearl Street, New York.

dollar, my mite towards carrying the good work into Syria, Egypt, and Palestine, and may God bless you and your work.

ELIZA BABB.

TWO OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS.

MR. ANGELL:

November 10, 1891.

Dear Sir,—Enclosed find check for twelve dollars and fifty cents, which I want to contribute to the translation of "Black Beauty" into Arabic for the Rev. H. H. Jessup. Please send me matter relating to founding a S. P. C. A. branch.

Hanover, N. H.

MRS. CHAS. F. RICHARDSON.

We have also received from Miss Henderson, of Philadelphia, fifteen dollars, to be used in our discretion, with power to apply it to the above.

ANOTHER GOOD LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 19th, 1891.

MR. GEO. T. ANGELL: Dear Sir,—Enclosed please find my check for \$30 to be appropriated toward translating "Black Beauty" into the Arabic language.

SARAH K. DAVIDSON.

A KIND LETTER FROM VICE-PRESIDENT REV. SAMUEL MAY.

LEICESTER, NOV. 11, 1891.

DEAR MR. ANGELL,—As I read your November number I find myself saying: "I must help that work for the poor animals so piteously pleaded for by Mr. Jessup, at Beirut;" and then the same for the like

classes of animals in South America, for whose help you are having "Black Beauty" translated into Spanish; and so on for the multiplied forms in which you are so sagaciously extending your work. And all I can do is to send you now the enclosed check for ten dollars, which devote as you judge most needful.

Yours,

S. MAY.

ANOTHER KIND LETTER THAT HELPS.

GERMANTOWN, PA., November 16, 1891.

MR. ANGELL:

Dear Sir,—You spoke in your letter about the missionary in Beirut wanting a cheap edition of "Black Beauty." You say "I must try and help him." For that object I send you the enclosed check [fifty dollars]. I think it the best way to reach the masses in those Eastern countries, by circulating "Black Beauty."

—Sincerely yours,

ANNIE WALN.

ANOTHER KIND LETTER.

Will you kindly use the enclosed twenty dollars as you may wish for your good works, and oblige,
Nov. 16, 1891.

MRS. E. M. B.

A LETTER THAT HELPS.

ILLINOIS, NOV. 12, 1891.

MR. ANGELL:

Dear Sir,—Enclosed is a hundred dollars. If it meets with your approval, please use it as an aid in responding to the call for humane literature. I wish it were more, and that your unselfish efforts might

meet with ample support and encouragement. May the best of all blessings—continual good health—be yours. — Respectfully,

From another Illinois friend, of whom we never heard before, comes a check of ten dollars, to aid, if we deem best, the circulation of "*Black Beauty*" in Syria, Egypt, and Palestine. The letter begins "*May God bless you,*" and ends "*With unspeakable interest in your humane work, and a prayer for God's power to be ever increasing with His peace to you, believe me your friend.*"

EARNEST WOMEN.

We think there are few persons in America who are favored with more kind letters from earnest women than the editor of this paper.

Here is one from the lady—in moderate circumstances—who without charging a single dollar, has, with much labor, given us our excellent translation of "*Black Beauty*" into German.

We wrote her how glad we should be to send her copies of the book, and here is her answer:—

WHITE PLAINS, Oct. 26, 1891.

MR. G. T. ANGELL:

My Dear Sir,—Having been prevented by sickness from answering your letter before, I hasten now to thank you most cordially for your kind favor and offer to send me copies of the German edition of "*Black Beauty*." I read with great pleasure of its publication, and earnestly hope that it will be a help for the great work you pursue with such noble and never-fading zeal. Pray kindly accept enclosed two dollars as a small contribution to the Society, and I regret much not being able to render more substantial assistance. — Very respectfully yours, FRANZISCA F. STRECKER.

LETTER FROM GLOUCESTER, ENGLAND.

9 BRUNSWICK SQ., GLOUCESTER, Oct. 19.

DEAR MR. ANGELL,—Your last number of "*Our Dumb Animals*" is so good that I should be glad to have as many copies as the enclosed check will pay for. Every humane person must owe you ten thousand thanks for the service you have done to our dumb fellow-creatures. You would receive ten millions from them if they knew how much you had done for them, and could speak. I am, very truly yours, MARY E. WEMYSS.

A SPECIMEN LETTER OF LOTS RECEIVED.

WARREN, PA., Oct. 31, 1891.

GEO. T. ANGELL:

Dear Sir,—After reading "*Black Beauty*" to my pupils, I found them so much interested in the subject that we organized a "*Band of Mercy*" at once, the entire school joining. We call our society "*Hope Band of Mercy*." — Sincerely yours, JESSIE SMITH.
Corner Hickory and Third Streets.

FROM OUR MISSIONARY.

EMPORIA, KANSAS, October 20, 1891.

I have completed my work in the public schools here, and formed thirty-eight "*Bands of Mercy*," a list of which I enclose. I have also made a good beginning towards organizing a society, etc., etc. — Very truly yours, C. S. HUBBARD.

ANOTHER.

Oct. 27, 1891.

We had a large meeting in the First Methodist Episcopal Church Sabbath afternoon, and organized the Emporia (Kansas) Humane Society, with a membership of 53 and the following officers: President, L. B. Kellogg; Vice-President, E. W. Cunningham; Secretary, John Dietrich; Treasurer, J. T. Burton.

ANOTHER.

ANTHONY, KANSAS, Nov. 3, 1891.

Since writing you at Newton I have stopped at Harper and this place, and formed eighteen "*Bands of Mercy*," as per lists enclosed, etc.

C. S. HUBBARD.

ANOTHER.

WINFIELD, KANSAS, Nov. 9, 1891.

I have visited the schools of Argonia, Winfield, Arkansas City, and the Government Indian School at Shillico, located five miles south of Arkansas City, in the Indian Territory, and formed in all sixty-six "*Bands of Mercy*," as per lists enclosed. I go from here to Independence, Kansas. I am glad to report much interest shown in all the above places, etc., etc.

C. S. HUBBARD.

ANOTHER.

VINITA, INDIAN TERRITORY, Nov. 11, 1891.

Since writing you from Winfield, I have visited the schools of Cherryvale, Kansas, and Vinita, Indian Territory, Cherokee Nation, and formed 20 "*Bands of Mercy*," as per enclosed lists. Please write me at Kansas City, Kansas.

C. S. HUBBARD.

ANOTHER.

KANSAS CITY, KANSAS, Nov. 18, 1891.

I have visited the schools here and formed 43 "*Bands of Mercy*," as per lists enclosed. This is a place in which our work is much needed. It is separated from Kansas City, Mo., only by a street. There is a Humane Society in Kansas City, Mo., doing good work. I go from here to Leavenworth and Atchison.—Very truly yours, C. S. HUBBARD.

Do not wait for extraordinary opportunities for good actions, but make use of common situations.

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN MILLIONS AND EIGHTY THOUSAND PAGES.

A kind invitation received this November 1st from Frances E. Willard, to attend the World's Congress of the "*Woman's Christian Temperance Union*," to be held in Boston from November 13th to 18th, and which contains the statement that this powerful organization of two hundred and fifty thousand women has printed in the past year over a hundred millions of pages of temperance literature, has led me to investigate and find that our "*American Humane Education Society*," from November 1st, 1890, to November 1st, 1891, has printed about one hundred and nine millions and two hundred and eighty thousand pages of humane literature, and has now printing about eight hundred thousand pages more.

During the same time our "*Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*" has printed about seven millions of pages, making a total of about one hundred and seventeen millions and eighty thousand pages of humane literature printed and now printing by our two societies in the past year.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

ADDRESSES TO PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

We are glad to know that our address to the Boston public schools is being used in schools in various parts of the country. Of course, we should be very glad to have some one in every city and town get up a better one, and deliver it as widely as possible. But this address held the undivided attention of the sixty-one large public schools of Boston during one hour, and great good has come from it.

In every school there are more or less teachers and pupils who can properly read, or take turns in reading, it to the assembled school, and we feel confident that one hour can be most usefully spent in this way.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

As will be noticed in another column, our Massachusetts Society P. C. A. will furnish it in any quantity in pamphlet form, at three cents a copy or two dollars a hundred copies.

(From "*New York Tribune*.")

THE NOBLER ANIMAL.

Yes, dramatize "*Black Beauty*" by all means. Draw the characters to the life, and, my word for it, the horse will show himself to be the nobler animal. Do you know, I often wonder if any of the women who so dearly love a horse ever looked at the curb-bit. It belongs to the same family with the rack and thumbscrew, and is capable of inflicting an amount of torture that is simply horrible, and yet the harness of my lady's coach-horse, a gentle creature for the most part, who could be driven with a string, is not complete without it. Our fair friends should remember that ignorance is not innocence.

THE VANDERBILTS.

(From "*Boston Herald*," Oct. 30, 1891.)

The native game of Vermont is not sufficiently choice to suit the taste of the sporting members of the Vanderbilt family. So they have been introducing English pheasants on their farm up in Shelburne, and they are now going up to have some real English sport this week. There are now between 2000 and 3000 of these birds on the estate. As the pheasants are about as tame as ducks, and can scarcely be driven with a club, the chances seem to be that the sportsmen will be able to fill up their hampers.

[It seems as though some members of the Vanderbilt family need humane education. — EDITOR.]

If you have any pity for suffering horses — Don't ride in any vehicle drawn by a poor-looking horse.

Or employ an expressman or teamster who drives one.

Don't ride behind a docked horse or one tightly checked, if you can help it.

Gather sunshine instead of clouds.

CHRISTMAS IN ILLINOIS.

We see by the newspapers that the Legislature of Illinois has enacted a law, paying a bounty of two cents on the head of every sparrow slaughtered in that State. The law went into effect on the first day of this blessed Christmas month; and so on Christmas and Lord's Days all over the State of Illinois will be heard the roar of shot-guns and seen the effects of poison. Thousands of other birds will doubtless be shot and poisoned, and many other dumb creatures injured.

Through the cold winter the hoodlums of Illinois will be showing the Almighty the gratitude of the people of that State for their bountiful harvest just gathered, by destroying the birds that have for thousands of years made the countries of the Old World more joyous in winter, and for which the people of Norway and Sweden and Denmark hang out on Christmas sheaves of grain.

If, as the Bible teaches us, "*Not one sparrow falleth to the ground without His knowledge*," this lesson of killing and poisoning now being taught the youth of Illinois may bring some day to that State, in the destruction of property and human life, a terrible retribution.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC SERMON ON KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

We are glad to know that Rev. Father Luigi Paroli, pastor of the church of "*The Holy Ghost*," Providence, R. I., and president of "*Band of Mercy*" No. 10,206, gave, in his church, on Sunday, Oct. 25th, a most interesting sermon on "*our duty to the lower animals*."

RHODE ISLAND.

Rhode Island is a small State, but has a very lively Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and its "*Humane Educational Committee*," under the chairmanship of our good friend Miss Sarah J. Eddy, is doing a grand, good work.

THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.

(From Boston Herald "*Entre Nous*" Column, Sept. 20.)

The Duchess of Portland and 950 other ladies of high degree, who intend protecting the birds from being slaughtered for millinery purposes, promise to wear no feathers, excepting those of the ostrich, henceforth and forever. 'Rah, 'rah! for the Duchess.

THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND

Has commanded the Duke of Portland, "*Master of the Horse*," to discontinue the use of the bearing [check] rein on all the horses in the royal stables.

EXTRACT FROM PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

I have thirty-eight canary birds. They have a room built for them, — two large windows in it, four small mirrors with brackets underneath, and a Christmas tree. They are a distinguished community, bearing the names of many of the great ones of this century.

NEWBURYPORT S. P. C. A. OFFICERS.

President, Edward S. Mosely; vice-presidents, W. W. Goodwin, W. H. Swasey, John M. Pike, Thomas C. Thurlow, Mrs. E. A. Pike, Miss Anna Tappan; secretary, Samuel E. Sargent; treasurer, Frank O. Woods; directors, John J. Currier, Rev. S. J. Spalding, Miss Lucy Balch.

HARD TO OUTWIT A QUAKER.

A constable who had tried numerous expedients in vain to serve legal process on a Quaker, resolved to adopt the habit and manner of one, in hope of catching the primitive Christian. In this disguise he knocked at the Quaker's door and inquired if he was at home. The housekeeper replied "Yes." "Can I see him?" "Walk in, friend," she said, "and he shall see thee." The constable, confident of success, walked in, and after waiting nearly an hour, rung a bell, and on the housekeeper appearing said, "Thou promised me I should see friend Aminadab." "No, friend," answered the housekeeper, "I promised he should see thee. He hath seen thee, but he doth not like thee." The constable left.

AN EPISCOPAL CLERGYMAN.

An Episcopal clergyman of Boston, whose name we do not feel at liberty to use, writes us a most kind letter, and in it this suggestion, viz.: that his impression is that owners of horses have not had their attention called to the fact that the beautiful natural curve of the horse's neck is very much marred by the use of the overhead check-rein. He thinks that if the attention of gentlemen who love their horses should be properly called to this subject they would discard the overhead check, because it not only interferes with the comfort but greatly injures the beauty of the horse.

"MY FRIEND IS HUNGRY."

(From "Ave Maria.")

There lived in Paris a man who had been wealthy, but was so reduced that he was obliged to be a weekly applicant for alms from the poor fund of the parish. He wrote a note to the curate one day, saying that his supply of bread was insufficient. The priest was surprised, and in his answer asked him to call upon him, which the man did. "Do you live alone?" asked the curate. "As I have told you," replied the man, "I have not a friend in the world." "Then what can you want of so much bread?" The poor man, much embarrassed, hesitated, then finally said: "I have a dog, and he—poor fellow!—is hungry too." "Now, my dear sir," said the curate, "the parish fund is not for dogs. There is no objection to keeping one, surely, when people can afford it; but we can distribute food only to very poor persons; not dogs, no matter how poor or hungry they may be. You surely cannot expect it. Sell your dog, and you will be comfortable and have enough to eat." The man's eyes filled with tears. "He is all I have," he said; "my only comfort, my only friend on earth. I cannot sell him. I would rather starve with him." The kind priest put his hand in his pocket and said: "I can't give you the parish money, but this is my own. Keep your dog, and go at once and buy him a good dinner."

THE WIFE OF HON. D. BOOKSTAVER, PRESIDENT OF THE SYRACUSE SOCIETY P. C. A. PROTECTED BY HER DOGS.

We find the following in the "Syracuse Daily Journal" of October 5:—

As Mrs. D. Bookstaver was returning to her home on Oak Street last evening from attending a sociable of the Reformed Church on James Street, she noticed, as she crossed Lord Street on Gertrude, two men apparently following her, and at once stopped to give them opportunity to pass. As soon as she stopped they also stopped. Then she moved on again, when they immediately followed. She quickened her gait and they did the same, finally resulting in a run on the part of Mrs. Bookstaver, when the tramps also broke into a run. By this time she had reached Oak Street, and, calling for her faithful mastiffs, they pursued the rascals up Oak Street. When Mr. Bookstaver returned a half hour later he found his wife in a very nervous and exhausted condition from the fright, but without any serious results.

OUR SQUIRREL.

For two years a red squirrel has made his home in our chestnuts. There is always a remarkable discrepancy between our crop of ripe chestnuts and that promised by the growing crop; and we have more than half suspected that he knew something about it, but if he looks he never tells. He looks as honest as an editor, and appears as happy as a palace-car conductor. But appearances are deceptive. He may have his troubles, though he never tells them. We love the chap as one of our own household. We buy peanuts for him, and still he seems to think no more of us than any other man or woman. We call him "our Squirrel," but still our ownership does not prevent him the largest liberty. He has as cunning a home as you ever saw, in the heart of a chestnut half-way down our walk. We have a saying: "The Lord takes care of the lame and the lazy," and though "Our Squirrel" is neither lame nor lazy, he seems to be well cared for. To the bustling, thrifty business man he would seem to be leading as useless a life as it is possible for one to lead; but we verily believe he does us more good than a doctor. When we feel poor and blue, we will find him, perhaps, sitting with his tail thrown jauntily over his back, on a limb above our head, and he will say to us, as plain as squirrels can: "Look at me—how happy I am! I have no bonds or stocks; I do not know even where the next meal will come from; but this is such a blessed world, I have faith that He who cares for the sparrows will not forget the squirrels." Abashed and ashamed, we say to him with an affected air: "Why should you or any one else be blue? We are ashamed that you should talk of such a thing."

"Though skies grow dark above the restless sea,
God's gifts are measureless; and it shall be
Eternal sunshine in the grateful heart."

When the rheumatism racks our aged frame, we go out and watch our pet jumping from tree to tree, and his litherness is so contagious we forget that we ever had an ache or pain. Bless his little downy head, we hope he may live to scatter nuts above our grave! May faithful seasons load his trees with chestnuts, and may blessings throng around his pathway.—Gardiner Journal.

THE OTHER 10,000 EDITORS.

For the benefit of the other 10,000 editors who did not receive our November paper we republish these two cuts.



ANNA SEWELL MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN.

A MEMORIAL TO ANNA SEWELL, THE AUTHORESS OF "BLACK BEAUTY"—"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

Miss Caroline Phelps Stokes, of New York, has supplemented her gift to Ansonia of a public library with a public drinking fountain, which is to be located in the shadow of the library building.

The fountain is of polished Scotch (red) granite, and will be placed on the corner at the junction of Cottage Avenue and South Cliff Street, where the cross-walk now is. In height it stands 11 feet 8 inches, the column being 1 foot 3 inches in diameter. The trough is 4 feet 6 inches high and 2 feet 6 inches across its base. The trough is circular in shape and stands a foot away from the column, the water flowing constantly. At equal distances around the trough are substantial granite posts to prevent the finish being marred by contact with vehicles. On the library side of the column is a small basin jutting out from the side, into which the water is constantly flowing from a pipe, from which the human family may quench their thirst. The column itself is surmounted by an artistic capstone, on which is a globe. On this is inscribed "Blessed are the Merciful." Half-way up the column, on the street side, is another inscription:—

IN MEMORIAM
ANNA SEWELL,
Author of
"BLACK BEAUTY."

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

"DICK, THE ENGINEER'S CAT," THAT SAVED THE TRAIN.

A father and little son were travelling from St. Louis to a town in the western part of the State. And among the things they carried was a small yellow kitten in a basket.

They had a sixty-mile ride before they changed cars. The gentleman pulled out a newspaper and began reading. The little boy amused himself by looking out of the window. At last, tired of that, he thought of his pet kitten, and taking him out of the basket played with him until he went off to sleep. The kitten being let alone climbed into the next seat and went to sleep.

The train arrived at the station where the man and little boy were to change cars. And the man, folding up his newspaper, took the little boy and his bundles and the empty basket and rushed into the other train. The boy had been awakened so quickly that he had not thought of his kitten.

The first train passed on. At night, when it drew up to its final station, the conductor went through the train and found the little yellow kitten asleep on one of the seats. He carried it to the fireman, who was fond of cats. The fireman fed the kitten and put him in the baggage car for the night.

When the train went out the next day the kitten, which the fireman called Dick, went with it. Dick rode in the baggage car for a week or so, when his master took him on the engine with him one day.



Your remembrance
Anna Sewell

IN MEMORY OF ANNA SEWELL.

We were delighted a few days since to receive a call from one of the life members of our "American Humane Education Society," Miss Caroline Phelps Stokes, of New York city, who has recently presented a fine public library and building to Ansonia, Connecticut, a town of upwards of ten thousand population, and who is now causing to be erected on the library grounds a monumental fountain, costing about a thousand dollars, in memory of that noble Christian woman Anna Sewell, whose wonderful book "Black Beauty" is destined we hope to preach the gospel of humanity, not only in America and Europe, but around the world.

It gives us great pleasure to present to our readers in this number of our paper a true portrait of Anna Sewell, and a newspaper cut of the fountain, with description taken from "The Ansonia Sentinel."

Dick was quite frightened at first, but soon got over it, and always rode on the engine after that.

One thing very much frightened Dick,—that was when he heard another train coming. He would crouch on the floor of the cab at his master's feet, and would remain so until the other train passed. His master had tried in vain to break him of this.

A year passed and Dick was on the same engine with his master, who had been promoted to be an engineer. Dick still appeared frightened at hearing another train.

One day in winter Dick's master was running in the western part of Missouri, when a severe snow-storm came up. They reached one station at 4.30 in the afternoon, and a freight was due about the same time. They waited fifteen minutes for the freight, and then the conductor decided to go on to the next station, ten miles beyond. So he telegraphed to the next station to keep the freight until he reached there; and receiving no message back that the freight had left that station, he thought it all right, and Dick's train started. They had gone about five miles, when Dick suddenly raised his head, listened for a moment, and then jumped to the floor and crouched at his master's feet. The engineer knew that Dick had heard a train. Then it flashed into his mind that perhaps it was the freight. He reached his head out of the cab window and listened, but he could hear nothing but the wind. He had so great confidence, nevertheless, in Dick that he signalled for the conductor. The conductor came and inquired the matter, and when the engineer told him how Dick acted, he advised the engineer to back the train to the last station. The engineer lost no time in taking the conductor's advice, and backed the train at full speed.

They had been in the station about five minutes when in came the tardy freight. They were all agreed that it had been a narrow escape from a serious accident. When Dick's train arrived at the next station they asked why they had not telegraphed back that the freight had already started. The station agent said that he had received no message from the conductor at all. The next day the wires were found broken, so that the station agent had not received this despatch.

Dick received due praise. His master is very proud of him, and he is a general favorite on that railroad.

C. GROVER.

THOUGHTS FOR TEACHERS AND CLERGYMEN.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS IN SCHOOLS AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

What is the use of teaching kindness to animals in schools and Sunday schools?

Answer. The eminent French teacher De Sailly says that when he began to teach kindness to animals in his school he found his pupils became not only kinder to animals but also kinder to each other.

In a large Scottish public school at Edinburgh, out of about seven thousand pupils carefully taught kindness to the lower animals, it was found that not one had ever been charged with a criminal offence in any court.

Out of two thousand criminals inquired of in American prisons, some years ago, it was found that only twelve had any pet animal during their childhood.

Edward Everett Hale says: "We are all in the same boat, both animals and men. You cannot promote kindness to one without benefiting the other."

Rev. Dr. Hedge, of Harvard University, writes of our humane educational work: "I greatly approve of your enterprise, which seems to me the best charity of the day."

Frances E. Willard writes, "I look upon your mission as a sacred one, not second to any founded in the name of Christ."

Catharine Smithies, of England, writes: "I think the teaching to be kind to the lower animals is preparing the way for the gospel of Christ."

What has made the Quakers humane?

How happened it that while all the other American colonies were at war with the Indians, the Quakers, under William Penn, alone maintained with them the most peaceful relations?

Is there anything which strikes more directly at the roots of wars, riots, anarchy, and every form of cruelty, than humane education of the children in all our public, private, and Sunday schools?

If you admit that humane education of the children is a good thing, the next question is how to accomplish it.

Can you do it by telling children they ought to be good?

Can you do it by telling them they ought to love God, of whom many of them know but very little?

Can you do it by telling them they ought to love fathers and mothers, many of whom are anything but lovable?

Can you do it by telling them to love inanimate objects, like trees and flowers, which cannot show gratitude or return affection?

Please think and tell me if you can find a better way under heaven for making children merciful than by teaching them to be constantly doing kind acts and saying kind words to God's lower creatures, by whom they are surrounded and which they are meeting on the streets and elsewhere a hundred times a day?

Please think again and tell me another thing, namely, whether every kind act we do, and every kind word we speak, which adds to the happiness of others, does not also add to our own happiness; and when we teach the boy or girl to be doing these kind acts and saying these kind words a hundred times a day to the lower animals, are we not teaching what will make their own lives happier?

Is it not then desirable to introduce this teaching into our schools?

And will not Sunday schools be more attractive to children if some part of their time is given to the good, noble, and merciful thoughts and deeds of this nineteenth century, as set forth in the humane literature now being widely published?

Now, if we find that humane teachings ought to be made a part of the instruction in our schools and Sunday schools, and that no better way has been thus far devised than to include in those teachings the teaching of kindness to the lower animals, how can we best teach it?

I answer. We have formed already in America over ten thousand "Bands of Mercy." They are in every State and Territory but Alaska,—some of them in places as far distant as China and Japan.

Among the first members of "Our Parent Band" were the Governor of Massachusetts, the Chief Justice of our Supreme Judicial Court, our Most Reverend Roman Catholic Archbishop, our Right Reverend Episcopal Bishop, and a long list of our most eminent men, including leading educators and prominent clergymen of the various religious denominations.

We teach in them, by picture, song, and story, kindness both to our own race and to every harmless living creature.

They can be formed in any school or Sunday school in ten minutes. It costs nothing to form them, and only as much or little time as is found profitable need be given to them.

Immediately on their formation our "American Humane Education Society" gives to each band, without cost for one year, its monthly paper "Our Dumb Animals," full of humane stories, poems, and information, and a complete outfit of humane literature sufficient for all the meetings that may be held during the year, and full directions and suggestions.

In conclusion then please carefully consider, 1st, Whether you can find anything more likely to prevent cruelty and bring happiness into the lives of those taught than humane education?

2d, Whether you can find any better plan of humane education than that which includes teaching children to do kind acts and speak kind words to those that always show gratitude for kindness and return love for love?

3d, Whether you can find any cheaper or better way to begin than by simply forming a "Band of Mercy," whose only pledge is, "I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures and to protect them from cruel usage," and receive from our "American Humane Education Society," for each band, a full outfit of humane literature for one year, without cost.

With one more thought I close: If it is certain that the prevention of domestic and foreign wars, and every form of cruelty in the future, is to depend largely on the humane education we now give the children in our public, private, and Sunday schools, is it not equally certain that the future strength and vitality of all benevolent societies and institutions for the prevention and relief of human suffering is to depend largely on this same humane education?

Does not humane education, in church, school, and home, nourish and sustain the tree of which all our ten thousand charities are leaves and branches?

In this view, was the Rev. Dr. Hedge right or wrong when he wrote me, "I greatly approve of your enterprise, which seems to me the best charity of the day"?

Was Frances E. Willard right or wrong when she wrote me, "I look upon your mission as a sacred one, not second to any founded in the name of Christ"?

Was Catharine Smithies right or wrong when she wrote me, "I think the teaching to be kind to the lower animals is preparing the way for the gospel of Christ"?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

PEARLS OF FAITH.

Vast is the mercy of God, and when a man doeth aright,
Glad is the right-hand Angel, and setteth it quick on the roll;
Ten times he setteth it down in letters of heavenly light,
For one good deed ten deeds, and a hundred for ten on the scroll.
But when one doeth amiss the right-hand Angel doth lay
His palm on the left-hand Angel, and whispers "Forbear thy pen!"
Peradventure in seven hours the man may repent him and pray;
At the end of the seventh hour, if it must be, witness it then.

—"Pearls of Faith." Edwin Arnold.

It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them.

A SOUTHERN STORY.

It was while watching a flaming sunset burn itself out, over a great deserted cotton field of the far South, that I heard the most remarkable story of animal intelligence for whose truth I can personally vouch. Like the Western ranchmen, the Florida planters "round up" their cattle at stated intervals to take account of them. On the eve of one such "round up," bets were freely laid as to the ability of Tige, a famous old yellow dog, hero of much difficult cattle-driving, "scarred, reckless, resourceful," to bring successfully up to the pen a particularly wild and vicious black steer, the lawlessness of which threatened to demoralize the whole herd. Arrived on the scene of action, next morning, there ensued a hopeless confusion and rout, the steer allowing neither man nor dog to come within whip-tongue of him. Tige, to his supporters' amazement and disgust, kept well on the outskirts of the scrimmage, warily "sizing up" the demoniac, flame-eyed, black monster, whose bellowing shook the air. He made, at last, one faltering run in the steer's direction; the creature sighted him and rushed for him; and there-with, without more ado, Tige started in mad, ignominious flight, tail between his legs, the picture of cowardly terror; the bull thundering after with lowered head and wicked horns that seemed almost to touch the quivering yellow flanks. "Tige turn tail! Tige run!" gasped the amazed and infuriated boys, who saw their money melting away amid their comrades' jeers. "Yes," shouted the tall, sardonic old planter, their father and Tige's owner, as, with the herd well in hand, they galloped after the vanishing dog and steer. "But before you shoot Tige, notice where he's running to!" By all that was wonderful, straight to the cattlepen! And up to the gate the steer rushed after him, and through the gate—and then, where was that cowardly dog? Like a flash of lightning over the wall and facing the pen-gate; every hair tense with readiness for battle; eyes like a flame; mighty voice calling the men to come and do the one thing he could not do—close the gate and hold the prisoner! His magnificent strategy had brought there!

To do the boys justice, every cent their bets brought them went to buy Tige the most magnificent collar on record, the silver plate on which bore the date of an exploit Homer need not have scorned to sing. "I believe to my soul," said one of the boys, "Tige planned it all out while we were sneaking round the edge of the crowd watching things!" "Lord, no!" said Tige's owner, "he settled it in his mind last night while he was listening to us talk 'bout what a circus we were going to have a-getting that steer in!"—D. L., in Commonwealth.

A POLO MATCH AT PETERHOFF, RUSSIA.

We have recently read an account of a polo match at Peterhoff, Russia, resulting in the death of one of the players. From the account we take the following touching description:

Horse and rider still lay motionless. Was it possible that the shock could have killed them both? The man lay, just as he had been sitting, turned to one side in readiness to strike the ball; so that, while his feet were still in the stirrups, his head and shoulders had fallen backwards on the ground.

At this deathlike stillness a shudder passed through all that vast assembly; and in the carriage next to us a lady fell suddenly back against the cushions fainting. Then two or three officers sprang forward to see what had happened, while the players leaped from their horses to assist their fallen comrade. Never have I seen a sign of higher intelligence in a brute than was then exhibited by that little Cossack pony.

As two or three of the officers, stooping, took him by the head to raise him, he looked up at them with pleading, pathetic eyes, as though entreating them to be very careful. Then slowly, cautiously, he allowed himself to be drawn away from that prostrate figure; raising himself as much as possible that he might not crush or injure his beloved master.

No sooner was this weight removed than the officer's body turned with a quick, convulsive movement, and the next moment stiffened as though suddenly changed to stone. It made every one shiver to see that ominous, ghastly motion. The horse was no sooner on his feet than, shaking his head free from the hand that held his bridle, and stepping, oh so carefully, he passed around to where his master's head lay. The great fur cap had fallen backwards, leaving the bronzed forehead bare. Then—the bystanders all the while looking on in pitying silence—the poor beast came close up, and, putting out his tongue, touched the officer's face lovingly, licking the temples and brow, and running his nose caressingly under the chin, as though he would force his master to raise his head and speak to him. Finding this to be of no avail, he lifted his own head sorrowfully, and, looking around at the mute observers of this touching scene, gave a low, wailing whinny, which said as plainly as any words could have done:—

"Can no one here help him?"

A choking sensation came into my throat, and in the carriages close around there were scarcely any eyes without tears. But there was no help. He had injured his spinal column, and snapped some ligament connecting with the brain, so that—although he was taken to the hospital and did not cease to breathe for several days—he was virtually a dead man.—Wide Awake.

Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief.

A GOOD CHRISTMAS STORY.

"What! Forty dollars more? Forty dollars only for trimmings! My mother never spent so much on any dress. And you have the dress. I hate to seem cross, my dear, but with so many business men failing every day, one sees the wisdom of economy. Explain, my dear."

"Well, papa," said Emma, "it is just this. Madame Farine says that I need ten yards of a trimming at four dollars a yard. There were other things to get. I'm ashamed to ask, but I was obliged to do so."

"Very well, my dear," replied the merchant. "There is the money, but I don't think you'll need any more before Christmas. Times are not good, you know, and—dear me! Forty dollars for trimming! Women are getting worse than ever."

Emma Rome slipped the roll of notes into her purse with a feeling that it was dearly bought; but fate had placed so many women in the condition of beggars, and it is so customary to do as Emma did, that she almost wondered at the little pang which shot through her heart. Besides, her father seemed to forget the matter soon, and she knew that he was called rich—that, actually, forty dollars was but a small sum for him. So, breakfast over, and Mr. Rome off for mysterious regions, known as "down town," she dressed herself becomingly and started on her shopping expedition. On the way thoughts of her new dress ran through her mind. She intended to wear it on an occasion which to her seemed very important. Some one was to be present whose opinion she valued—some one she herself admired very much. Did he admire her?

She had asked herself the question over and over again. She had even pulled away the petals of a marguerite one by one, counting them as they fell with the words, "He loves—he loves me not." And there were to be many handsome girls present, and she was not vain. Oh! she must look as well as possible.

Thus absorbed, she suddenly found herself several blocks below her destination. There was nothing for it but to walk back, and the way lay through streets filled with miserable tenement houses. The fashionable girl hurried along until all at once she found a sort of barricade across the street. The middle object of this barricade was a sewing-machine, to which, on one side, clung a woman, on the other a man. The woman was crying; the tears splashed down on her hands. An attendant crowd of residents contemplated this scene with interest, and Emma Rome became perforce one of their number.

Scarcely ever in her life before had Emma Rome been in close contact with actual misery. Poor, to her, simply meant not rich. Now she was amongst rags and dirt and misery, forced to stand still for a moment and look at it. At first, the only emotion it excited was disgust. But as she was about to seek a passage through the squalid crowd, words fell upon her ear that arrested her attention.

"Forty dollars I've paid you on that machine, and now you'll not give me time. I only ask time. I'm an honest woman. I'll pay you. Man, do you know it's all there is between us and actual starvation? Let me have the thing back. It's but ten dollars I owe you."

"You've owed that two months," replied the man. "Come, let go, missus. I don't want to hurt you. I've got to obey orders. 'Money or the machine' was what the boss said."

But the woman did not relinquish her hold. Still clutching the machine, she turned her agonizing eyes upon the bystanders.

"Forty dollars," she repeated, "and the machine but fifty, and he's taking it. I never failed until Jim broke his leg, and his work stopped, and his wages with it, and I'd doctor bills and all."

"No, that she didn't," cried a voice from the crowd. "I'm knowing to her honesty."

"And he'd better be off with his cart," cried a man who had stalked out of the entry of the house near which the crowd had gathered, rolling up his sleeves.

"Look here, good people," exclaimed the man who held the machine, "I don't want to do this. I obey orders or lose my place and my bread and butter. She'd better go to the boss and talk to him—not to me."

"I've been," said the woman. "He's made of stone. I told him he'd starve us. He will. There, what is the use of my fighting like a drunken body in the street—a decent woman! They've more than the worth of the thing now, God knows; but they've the power. Take it." And she let go her hold and covered her eyes with her hands.

But in the place of these rough, red fingers, others, dainty and small, and well gloved, came down upon the cover of the machine. Emma Rome had pressed forward, and now spoke:—

"Stop," she said. "Will you let this woman keep her machine if I pay you ten dollars?"

"Them's the boss's orders, Miss," replied the man, "and I'd be glad to do it, too."

Then, while the crowd gathered close, and the woman who had told her piteous tale sobbed with joy, Emma drew the sum named from her purse, received a receipt, which she gave to the poor woman, and experienced for the first time the delight which the performance of an utterly unselfish act brings with it.

Moreover, when the machine had been borne up stairs, Emma, who had exchanged a few words with its owner, followed her to her miserable room, noted its poverty, heard all the bitter tale. It was a true one—the hot tears told that.

"But I don't mind anything now, Miss," sobbed the narrator. "Now the machine is my very own, I don't mind how hard I work. And the only great tug is the landlord—four dollars a month for rent."

Pure Silver Band of Mercy Badge,



Costing at our Offices, or sent post-paid, Thirty Cents.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We would suggest to our correspondents that the time is rapidly coming when all our railroads will be run by electricity—all civilized nations talk with each other by telephone—and the newspaper writers and speakers who can tell and say the most in the fewest words will have the most success.

Better miss a good trade than fail to praise your child's good deed.

A good conscience is a continual Christmas.—Franklin.



TELLING A CHRISTMAS STORY.

"As much as a month as a yard of that trimming," thought Emma, with a little pang.

She questioned the woman further, and found that her landlord "lived down stairs." And before she turned from the door she emptied her purse and had paid three months' rent in advance.

"Your husband will be well and at work by that time," she said; and there were no regrets for the lost fringe as she took her way homeward. Nay, she was not even stung to the soul when Madame Farine remarked, with a glance that said volumes:—

"The black lace from your old grenadine dress? Certainly, since it is your taste."

The dress, however, was not unbecoming, despite the refurbished lace, and Emma wore it to the party. She was quite conscious that every woman of her acquaintance knew what the dress was trimmed with, but her conscience whispered to her that she had done right. Moreover, the light of the better thought was on her face. Somehow Arthur Maine found himself more than ever before attracted by it, and as she drove home that night, Emma felt the *marguerite* which had said to her "he loves" had been no false prophet.

WHO THAT LOVES HORSES.

Who that loves horses has not looked into their eyes and wished that words had been given them to express the intelligence shining there? At last the wish has been fulfilled. After voiceless centuries, Black Beauty steps upon the stage and tells the story of her long and varied life. In language clear she portrays her first impressions of life; her training for work; her secret thoughts of man and beast. So vividly is described her love for some and hatred for other masters, with causes for the same, that many a reader pauses to ask himself, "Which do I merit from the horses I drive?" And many an impatient jerk and cross word is spared because of that moment's self-examination.—*Daily News, Wellsfleet, Ohio.*

A man cannot do good or evil to others without doing good or evil to himself.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS MORN.

Calm on the listening ear of night
Come Heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains;
Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels with their sparkling lyres
Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The day-spring from on high;
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory to God!" the lofty strains
The realm of ether fill;
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills!
"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring:
"Peace on earth; good will to men,
From Heaven's eternal King!"

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born;
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn;
And brighter on Moriah's brow,
Crowned with her temple spires,
Which first proclaim the new-born light,
Clothed with its Orient fires.

This day shall Christian lips be mute,
And Christian hearts be cold;
Oh catch the anthem that from Heaven
O'er Judah's mountains rolled:
When nightly burst from seraph-harps
The high and solemn lay:
"Glory to God! on earth be peace;
Salvation comes to-day!"

E. H. SEARS.

Carrier pigeons in Germany are protected from the attacks of birds of prey by a very ingenious arrangement. A number of light reeds are fastened to their tail-feathers, and the air passing through the reeds as the birds fly produces a shrill, whistling sound, which effectually scares away all winged enemies.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead

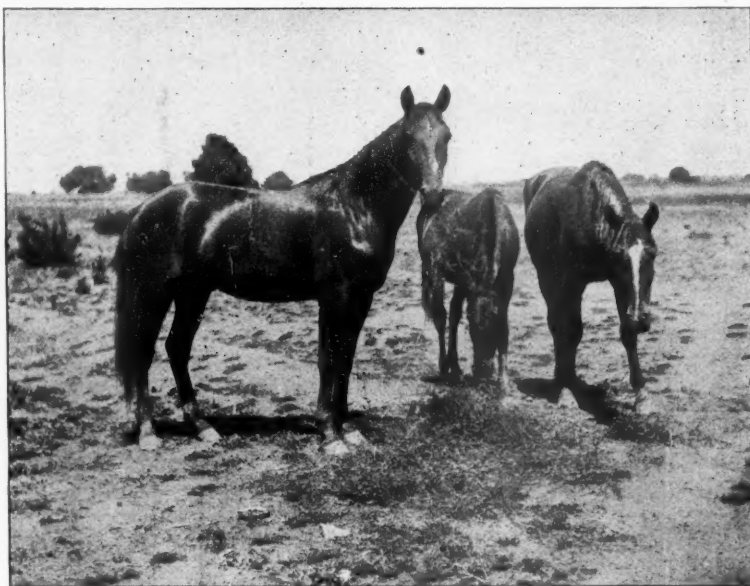
every child and older person to seize
every opportunity to say a kind
word, or do a kind act that willmake some other human being or
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY.

- 10710 E. Brookfield, Vt.
Brookfield Band.
P., Elva M. Baker.
- 10711 Baltimore, Md.
Northwestern Band.
P., Lucie Earhart.
- 10712 Annapolis, Mo.
Annapolis Band.
P., Mrs. E. B. Crawford.
- 10713 Halifax, N. S.
Sunbeam Band.
P., Frances Theakston.
- 10714 Little Workers Band.
P., Miss L. B. Shaffer.
- 10715 Glade Run, Pa.
Glade Run Band.
P., Mrs. Henry Meade.
- 10716 Carydon, Iowa.
Iowa Band.
P., Hannah M. Le Compte.
- 10717 Wetmore, Kansas.
L. T. L. Band.
P., Mrs. V. Odell.
- 10718 Independence, Mo.
Public Schools.
Robin Band.
P., Ira L. Dodds.
- 10719 Busy Bee Band.
P., M. W. Ewin.
- 10720 Red Bird Band.
P., Miss Cunningham.
- 10721 Golden Rod Band.
P., Maggie Phelps.
- 10722 Lily Band.
P., Miss Murray.
- 10723 Rosebud Band.
P., Miss Hyatt.
- 10724 Longfellow Band.
P., Miss Higson.
- 10725 Touch-me-not Band.
P., Miss Patton.
- 10726 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Wallie Atkins.
- 10727 Whittier Band.
P., Wm. L. C. Palmer.
- 10728 Arthur Grissom Band.
P., Carrie Henry.
- 10729 Canary Band.
P., Anna Masters.
- 10730 Blue Bird Band.
P., Caroline Stoll.
- 10731 White Rose Band.
P., Susie Noland.
- 10732 I'll Try Band.
P., Mary Huson.
- 10733 Never Fail Band.
P., Mrs. Wallace.
- 10734 Daisy Band.
P., Mrs. Jenkins.
- 10735 Buttercup Band.
P., Mrs. St. Clair.
- 10736 Lincoln Band.
P., Mrs. J. H. Jenkins.
- 10737 Longfellow Band No. 2.
P., Mrs. Roberts.
- 10738 Vanceboro, Me.
To Live and Let Live B.
P., Sadie J. Wood.
- 10739 Point Pleasant, Va.
American Band.
P., Fred Pley.
- 10740 Fayette, Iowa.
Jun. Epworth League Bd.
P., Miss Gracie Burgess.
- 10741 Knoxville, Tenn.
Sabbath School Band.
P., J. R. Shipe.
- 10742 Copenhagen, Ont., Can.
Maple Grove Band.
P., Anna Roberts.
- 10743 Barnard, Kansas.
Violet Band.
P., Bertha Wear.
- 10744 Marlboro, Mass.
Marlboro Unitarian S. S.
Band.
P., Mr. S. H. Howe.
- 10745 Wakefield, Neb.
Pleasant Valley Band.
P., Eha Robinson.
- 10746 Roxbury, Mass.
Loyal Band.
P., Florence M. Starbuck.
- 10747 Lawrence, Kansas.
Public Schools.
C. S. Hubbard Band.
P., Miss R. A. Davis.
- 10748 Lily Band.
P., Miss McAllister.
- 10749 Whittier Band.
P., Miss Howell.
- 10750 Golden Rod Band.
P., Miss Phillips.
- 10751 Longfellow Band.
P., E. F. Stanley.
- 10752 G. T. Angell Band.
P., A. J. McAllister.
- 10753 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Kimball.
- 10754 Rose Band.
P., Mrs. Lyons.
- 10755 Busy Bee Band.
P., Miss Sands.
- 10756 Rosebud Band.
P., Della Davis.
- 10757 Canary Band.
P., Miss Radford.
- 10758 Violet Band.
P., Miss Mull.
- 10759 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Gilmore.
- 10760 Union Band.
P., Lucy Eck.
- 10761 Blue Bird Band.
P., Ada Briggs.
- 10762 Forget-me-not Band.
P., A. D. Kennedy.
- 10763 Sunflower Band.
P., S. D. Martin.
- 10764 Pansy Band.
P., Julia Flinn.
- 10765 Robin Band.
P., Maud A. Wilbur.
- 10766 Violet Band.
P., Miss Burns.
- 10767 Rainbow Band.
P., Miss Lyons.
- 10768 Red Bird Band.
P., Miss Stimpson.
- 10769 Toussaint L'Overture Bd.
P., Mrs. Grant.
- 10770 Tulip Band.
P., Miss Gilluly.
- 10771 Morning Glory Band.
P., Lavinia Flagg.
- 10772 Daisy Band.
P., Vina Young.
- 10773 Sunbeam Band.
P., S. Harvey.
- 10774 Rosebud Band No. 2.
P., Laura Wise.
- 10775 I'll Try Band No. 2.
P., Miss Coltrain.
- 10776 Pink Band.
P., Miss Hyde.
- 10777 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Laptod.
- 10778 Sunflower Band.
P., Miss Stole.
- 10779 Thoreau Band.
P., W. H. Johnson.
- 10780 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Anna Murphy.
- 10781 Henry Bergh Band.
P., Maria R. Wood.
- 10782 Lincoln Band.
P., Agnes Emery.
- 10783 U. S. Grant Band.
P., Anna L. MacKinnon.
- 10784 Garfield Band.
P., Virginia Spencer.
- 10785 Audubon Band.
P., Laura Lockwood.
- 10786 Lawrence, Kansas.
Haskell Inst.
Lily Band.
P., H. B. Pearis.
- 10787 Rose Band.
P., Miss Brown.
- 10788 Tulip Band.
P., Miss Stanton.
- 10789 Violet Band.
P., Miss Ellis.
- 10790 Golden Rod Band.
P., Miss Cones.
- 10791 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Darnelle.
- 10792 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Fife.
- 10793 Robin Band.
P., Miss Mack.
- 10794 Redbird Band.
P., Mrs. Rankin.
- 10795 Blue Bird Band.
P., Miss Ball.
- 10796 Morning Glory Band.
P., Miss Wallace.
- 10797 Watertown, Mass.
Kindness to Dumb Ani-
mals Band.
P., Geo. W. Wellington.
- 10798 Hege, Ind.
Hege Band.
P., Miss Amelia Adams.
- 10799 Philadelphia, Pa.
Everett Band.
P., E. Everett Smith.
- 10800 Science Hill, Ky.
Black Beauty Band.
P., Lida Vaught.
- 10801 Kansas City, Mo.
Daisy Band.
P., Elsie Ganz.
- 10802 Bartley, Neb.
Bluebird Band.
P., Miss Kelly.
- 10803 Los Olivas, Cal.
Los Olivas Good Will Bd.
P., Kate A. Moses.
- 10804 Ogdensburg, N. Y.
Ogdensburg Band.
P., Mary B. Sherman.
- 10805 Mt. Auburn, Ill.
Mt. Auburn Band.
P., May Davis.
- 10806 Lebanon, N. H.
Lebanon Band.
P., Maria L. Palmer.
- 10807 Providence, R. I.
Graham Street Band.
P., Joseph Fitzpatrick.
- 10808 Chester Ave. Band.
P., Elizabeth L. Town.
- 10809 Arnold St. Band.
P., Ella L. Stocomb.
- 10810 Pascoag, R. I.
Mayflower Band.
P., Eva M. Brooks.
- 10811 Asheville, N. C.
Faith Band.
P., P. C. Orpin.
- 10812 Hope Band.
P., G. A. Parker.
- 10813 Charity Band.
P., J. C. Martin.
- 10814 Goodwill Band.
P., Anna Broylee.
- 10815 Sunbeams Band.
P., Susan Shuford.
- 10816 Sunshine Band.
P., Sadie Scott.
- 10817 Ottawa, Kansas.
Public Schools.
Sea Rose Band.
P., H. Ewing.
- 10818 I'll Try Band.
P., Mary Kuhn.
- 10819 Busy Bee Band.
P., Carrie Brooks.
- 10820 Rosebud Band.
P., Mattie Fowler.
- 10821 Golden Rod Band.
P., Margaret Mitchell.
- 10822 C. S. Hubbard Band.
P., Mattie Mallory.
- 10823 Oliver Goldsmith Band.
P., Mrs. Gordon.
- 10824 Pansy Band.
P., Fanny McFadin.
- 10825 Sunflower Band.
P., Clara F. Gard.
- 10826 Queen City Band.
P., Emma J. Short.
- 10827 Bluebird Band.
P., Mrs. P. Fikes.
- 10828 Willing Workers Band.
P., J. M. Morrison.
- 10829 Lily of the Valley Band.
P., Cora M. Ellis.
- 10830 Mercy Band.
P., Adda Hart.
- 10831 Violet Band.
P., G. Bates.
- 10832 Geo. T. Angell Band.
P., F. P. Smith.
- 10833 Longfellow Band.
P., Miss Pepper.
- 10834 Whittier Band.
P., Miss Keith.
- 10835 Busy Bee Band No. 2.
P., Margaret Powell.
- 10836 Red Rose Band.
P., Nellie Wharton.
- 10837 Touch-me-not Band.
P., Jennie Muth.
- 10838 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Jennie Muth.
- 10839 Daisy Band.
P., Maud Hamilton.
- 10840 Robin Band.
P., Jennie M. Brooks.
- 10841 Canary Band.
P., Alice Davidson.
- 10842 Tulip Band.
P., Fannie C. Moore.
- 10843 Ellsworth, Me.
Ellsworth Band.
P., Maria B. Perry.
- 10844 No. Waterford, Me.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Mrs. R. M. Rice.
- 10845 Loogootee, Ind.
Goodwill Band.
P., Cory Lein.
- 10846 So. Portsmouth, R. I.
Pansy Band.
P., Mrs. L. M. Friend.
- 10847 Chester, Neb.
Angell Band.
P., P. Duey.
- 10848 Woodbine, Iowa.
Agricola Fila Band.
P., A. D. Shepard.
- 10849 Plymouth, Mass.
Mayflower Band.
P., Charlie E. Douglas.
- 10850 Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Agassiz Band.
P., Arthur Stanley.
- 10851 Lebanon, N. H.
Coral Band.
P., Alice E. Gould.
- 10852 Salem, Mass.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Sarah L. Cabeen.
- 10853 Brockton, Mass.
Walnut St. Band.
P., Annie L. Kendall.
- 10854 Grand Blanc, Mich.
Sunshine Band.
P., Susie Burrington.
- 10855 Guy's Mills, Pa.
Smith Town Band.
P., Lena Morrison.
- 10856 Milwaukee, Wis.
Greenfield Humane Work-
ers Band.
P., John Dull.
- 10857 Industry, Ill.
Excelsior Band.
P., Mary Knowles.
- 10858 W. Duluth, Minn.
Black Beauty Band.
P., Ellen F. Cleave.
- 10859 Clayton, Ind.
Lily Band.
P., Leola Hall.
- 10860 Providence, R. I.
Arnold St. Band No. 2.
P., Sarah D. Coleman.
- 10861 Greeley St. Band.
P., Mary V. McCabe.
- 10862 Thayer St. Primary School
Band.
P., Miss S. A. Allen.
- 10863 Pascoag, R. I.
Justice Band.
P., Grace Waterhouse.
- 10864 Loogootee, Ind.
Sunbeam Band.
P., Kathie Campbell.
- 10865 Arno, Mo.
Klinkenbeard Band.
P., Thos. Rogers.
- 10866 Emporia, Kansas.
Public Schools.
Longfellow Band.
P., Jno. Detrich.
- 10867 Whittier Band.
P., W. Dudley.
- 10868 Audubon Band.
P., Miss Manley.
- 10869 Thoreau Band.
P., Miss Maynard.
- 10870 Goldenrod Band.
P., Miss Woodson.
- 10871 Chrysanthemum Band.
P., Ella Evans.
- 10872 Busy Bee Band.
P., Miss Waymire.
- 10873 Sunflower Band.
P., Miss Johnson.
- 10874 Sunshine Band.
P., Alice C. Evans.
- 10875 Canary Band.
P., D. E. Mitchell.
- 10876 Rosebud Band.
P., Fanny A. Riggs.
- 10877 Robin Band.
P., Lillian Quick.
- 10878 Bluebird Band.
P., Adaline Hatfield.
- 10879 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Josephine Moon.
- 10880 Pansy Band.
P., Miss McMichael.
- 10881 Daisy Band.
P., Mrs. Gardner.
- 10882 Sunbeam Band.
P., May Roberts.
- 10883 Lily Band.
P., Alfred Judd.
- 10884 White Rose Band.
P., Elizabeth Ely.
- 10885 Violet Band.
P., Meda Swartz.
- 10886 I'll Try Band.
P., W. L. Huggins.
- 10887 Willing Workers Band.
P., Esther Blair.
- 10888 Turtle Dove Band.
P., Miss Davidson.
- 10889 Canary Band No. 2.
P., Mary E. Smith.
- 10890 Robin Band No. 2.
P., Daisy Ferguson.
- 10891 Geo. Washington Band.
P., C. A. Bishop.
- 10892 Rosebud Band No. 2.
P., Mary Herbert.
- 10893 Red Rose Band.
P., Eva Collins.
- 10894 Geranium Band.
P., Laura B. Harris.
- 10895 Goldenrod Band.
P., T. L. Gallagher.
- 10896 Busy Bee Band No. 2.
P., R. Esther Smith.
- 10897 Violet Band No. 2.
P., Hannah Bunberry.
- 10898 Tulip Band.
P., Dora Jones.
- 10899 Never Fail Band.
P., Elsie Morris.
- 10900 Busy Bee Band No. 3.
P., Essie Salesbury.
- 10901 Rosebud Band No. 3.
P., Emma Jones.
- 10902 Mayflower Band.
P., Sadie Andrews.
- 10903 Black Beauty Band.
P., Mattie J. Bracken.
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Burlingame Band.
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P., Lucia A. Jaques.
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- 10930 Henry Bergh Band.
P., Miss A. C. Smith.
- 10931 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Ella Gregg.
- 10932 I'll Try Band.
P., Annie Vezie.
- 10933 Pansy Band.
P., Mr. R. Gittings.
- 10934 Willing Workers Band.
P., Mary King.
- 10935 Busy Bee Band.
P., Angie Dunn.
- 10936 Golden Rod Band.
P., Hulda Rich.
- 10937 Violet Band.
P., Anna R. Johnson.
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P., Sara Norton.
- 10939 Canary Band.
P., Mrs. Campbell.
- 10940 Robin Band.
P., Nellie Mack.
- 10941 Redbird Band.
P., Sallie Wafer.
- 10942 Tuberosa Band.
P., Lizzie Smith.
- 10943 Golden Rule Band.
P., Bessie Bailey.
- 10944 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Miss Greason.
- 10945 J. G. Whittier Band.
P., Miss Perry.
- 10946 Lowell Band.
P., Miss Clymer.
- 10947 Longfellow Band.
P., D. A. Hauck.
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P., W. O. Gantz.
- 10949 Sunflower Band.
P., Miss Miller.
- 10950 Mayflower Band.
P., Miss Knapp.

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No. 2.
P., Miss Bradley.
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P., Mrs. Roberts.
- 10953 Canary Band.
P., Mrs. Agnew.
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Public Schools.
Touch-me-not Band.
P., Geo. M. Wolf.
- 10955 Sunflower Band.
P., Jennie Ellis.
- 10956 Busy Bee Band.
P., Etta Crew.
- 10957 Osage City, Kansas.
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I'll Try Band.
P., E. E. Hench.
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P., Florence Marshall.
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P., Reta Gopen.
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P., Nellie Hanslip.
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P., Miss James.
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P., Miss McClain.
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P., H. W. Manning.
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P., Emma Iberg.
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P., Maude Morris.
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P., Mrs. Jeffries.
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P., Walter Bedford.
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P., Jessie Smith.
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Little Workers Band.
P., Edith F. Robinson.
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Sec., Wayne Wood.
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Co. A. 1st Division L. T. L.
Band.
P., Sec. Nellie Morse.
- 10987 Anthony, Kansas.
Public Schools.
Robin Band.
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P., Mrs. Kate C. Love.
- 10989 Canary Band.
P., Fannie Smith.
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P., Carrie Wright.
- 10991 I'll Try Band.
P., Maude Hinsey.
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P., Fannie Fisher.
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P., Mattie E. Golladay.
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P., Hattie Hills.
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P., Effie Shriver.
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P., Pattie Lewis.
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P., Henry W. Bagley.
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Lily Band.
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- 11011 Tulip Band.
P., Ida Burr.
- 11012 Violet Band.
P., Ida Byris.
- 11013 Rose Band.
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- 11014 Verbena Band.
P., Mona Connor.
- 11015 Myrtle Band.
P., S. L. Herriot.
- 11016 Goldenrod Band.
P., Ella Rowland.
- 11017 Sunflower Band.
P., J. H. Lee.
- 11018 Pansy Band.
P., Ella Dukes.
- 11019 Daisy Band.
P., Mattie Tulley.
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P., Bertha Wallis.
- 11021 I'll Try Band.
P., Minnie E. Martin.
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P., Florence Snook.
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P., Jennie Cuppage.
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P., Mattie Gibson.
- 11025 Willing Workers Band.
P., Minnie Olliverson.
- 11026 Helping Hand Band.
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P., Mary Fink.
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P., Miss Kirkpatrick.
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P., Jennie Williams.
- 11033 Busy Workers Band.
P., Emma Williams.
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Public Schools.
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P., W. G. McGee.
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P., Ida Miller.
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P., Pearl Cox.
- 11037 Arkansas City, Kansas.
Public Schools.
Audubon Band.
P., W. H. Mamer.



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We are indebted to that beautiful publication, "The Overland Monthly," of San Francisco, for this cut.

- 11038 Thoreau Band.
P., Miss Perry.
- 11039 G. T. Angell Band.
P., Miss Taggart.
- 11040 Longfellow Band.
P., Miss Arnold.
- 11041 Whittier Band.
P., Miss Dean.
- 11042 Goldsmith Band.
P., Miss Husey.
- 11043 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Hutchinson.
- 11044 I'll Try Band.
P., Anna Brown.
- 11045 Never Fail Band.
P., Maggie Ford.
- 11046 Helping Hand Band.
P., Mamie Bowen.
- 11047 Willing Workers Band.
P., Nellie Dean.
- 11048 Sunshine Band.
P., Mrs. Lane.
- 11049 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Bratton.
- 11050 Lily Band.
P., Mary A. White.
- 11051 Rose Band.
P., Lizzie F. Mack.
- 11052 Pansy Band.
P., Flora Hite.
- 11053 Daisy Band.
P., Jessie Parry.
- 11054 Tulip Band.
P., Anna Bowen.
- 11055 Golden Rod Band.
P., Ione Haynis.
- 11056 Mayflower Band.
P., Miss Clendinning.
- 11057 Forget-me-not Band.
P., V. S. Wilson.
- 11058 Sunflower Band.
P., Dora M. Jack.
- 11059 Verbena Band.
P., Maggie Erwin.
- 11060 Morning Glory Band.
P., Jennie Luck.
- 11061 Tuberose Band.
P., Zylpha Cunningham.
- 11062 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Emily Hyatt.
- 11063 Lincoln Band.
P., Anna M. Till.
- 11064 Hope Band.
P., Lula M. Berry.
- 11065 Star Band.
P., Nellie B. Funk.
- 11066 Canary Band.
P., Minnie Seavey.
- 11067 Mocking-bird Band.
P., Mary Myers.
- 11068 Lark Band.
P., Miss Earlongher.
- 11069 Turtle Dove Band.
P., Miss Clark.
- 11070 Robin Band.
P., Miss Cornish.
- 11071 Oriole Band.
P., Laura Holland.
- 11072 Shiloe, Ind. Ter.
Indian schools.
I'll Try Band.
P., Dr. Winslow.
- 11073 Golden Rule Band.
P., Belle Roberts.
- 11074 Never Fail Band.
P., Ida Roberts.
- 11075 Willing Workers Band.
P., Emma H. D. Knight.
- 11076 Dixon, Ill.
Sunbeam Band.
P., B. M. Told.
- 11077 Leavenworth, Kansas.
Lily Band.
P., Gertrude Humphrey.
- 11078 Science Hill, Ky.
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P., Allie M. Bond.
- 11079 Beaufort, S. C.
Phil Sheridan Band.
P., Mr. Alfred Middleton.
- 11080 Orwell, N. Y.
Orwell Band.
P., Miss V. R. Davis.
- 11081 Robinson Springs, Ala.
Robinson Academy.
P., John E. Ines.
- 11082 Mt. Auburn, Ill.
Mt. Auburn Band.
P., Edith Conel.
- 11083 Waupaca, Wis.
Crescent Band.
P., Miss Jean Brown.
- 11084 Loyal Band.
P., Miss Brown.
- 11085 Star Band.
- 11086 Happy Thoughts Band.
- 11087 Victor Band.
- 11088 Delaware, Ohio.
Delaware Band.
P., Eva Kirk.
- 11089 Bowling Green, Ohio.
Beulah Band.
P., Mrs. G. B. Quigley.
- 11090 Media P. O., Pa.
Media Band.
P., Annie Pennell.
- 11091 Pine Bluff, Ark.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Julia Fall.
- 11092 Cherryvale, Kansas.
Public Schools.
Longfellow Band.
P., E. F. Taylor.
- 11093 Lily Band.
P., P. M. Pearson.
- 11094 Pansy Band.
P., Mrs. M. J. Carl.
- 11095 Rose Band.
P., A. B. Trowbridge.
- 11096 Busy Bee Band.
P., Lilla Gibbs.
- 11097 I'll Try Band.
P., Ella Hutchinson.
- 11098 Kindness Band.
P., L. E. Bush.
- 11099 Golden Rule Band.
P., Rose Blair.
- 11100 Rosebud Band.
P., Ella Foster.
- 11101 Busy Bee Band No. 2.
P., Luetta Brill.
- 11102 Vinita, Ind. Ter.
Meth. College.
Golden Rule Band.
P., J. H. Bishop.
- 11103 Pansy Band.
P., Sue Thompson.
- 11104 Lily Band.
P., Mrs. J. H. Bishop.
- 11105 Worcester Academy.
Longfellow Band.
P., Rev. Lafayette Hurd.
- 11106 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Minnie Curry.
- 11107 Busy Bee Band.
P., Miss Boedeker.
- 11108 Willing Workers Band.
P., Miss Jean Brown.
- 11109 Never Fail Band.
P., Agnes Hubbell.
- 11110 Public Schools.
Lily Band.
P., Mrs. A. H. Goodykoontz.
- 11111 Rose Band.
P., Ida Collins.

THE INVISIBLE CHURCH.

You ask me what church I belong to, to what I subscribe my name?
Now listen, and I will tell you, for I think you belong to the same.
I belong to the church universal, 'tis hidden as yet from sight.
But the building is grand, eternal, its members are angels of light!
It embraces the pure and the holy, no matter wherever they be,
For some have already passed over, and some are on this side the sea.
Our creed is the law of our Master, our motto "The Lord alone."
His love is the tie that binds us: tho' many, in Him we are one.
Tho' poor in the eyes of the lofty, 'tis the richest church I know!

For we all have gold and jewels! and our garments are "white as the snow."
Our treasury's never empty! for we all have something to bring.
Not always of gold and silver, but love and praise to our King.
And He is so loving and lowly, He never despises one,
However tiny or small the gift, if only for love it is done.
And I'll tell you a little secret, meant for your ears alone.
We've found the long-sought treasure, the true "philosopher's stone."
There's no illusion in it, the half has never been told,
It transmutes the basest metal into diamonds, pearls, and gold.

— The Church Union.

ROSEBERRY, THE JUMPER, DEAD.

(Special Despatch to the Boston Herald.)

CHICAGO, ILL., Nov. 22, 1891.

While Roseberry, the famous jumper of the equine world, was trying to break his record of 7 feet 1/2 inch at the stock show last night he fell, and was led away to his stable. Six thousand people saw the accident.

Late this evening the horse died from the injuries he had received. The horse was valued at \$25,000.

[Much fault was found with us for preventing Ontario's danger of being killed in the same way. We trust the Chicago S. P. C. A. will prosecute somebody for killing Roseberry. — EDITOR.]

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. in October.

Fines and witness' fees, \$193.33.

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Total, \$158.70.

American Humane Education Society for literature and sundries, \$142.50.

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All others in sums of less than fifty cents, \$14.78.

Total, \$113.82.

Publications sold, \$144.38.

By Treasurer, bequest Mrs. Anna S. Townsend, \$3000.

Total, \$3752.73.

Receipts by the American Humane Education Society in October.

Mrs. Ellen B. French, \$200; Miss C. C. Kendall, \$100; Alice Byington, \$10; Miss Clara B. Musselman, \$5; Miss F. F. Strecker, \$2.

From Mass. Soc. P. C. to Animals, for Vivisection Essays, \$46.40.



CHRISTMAS FUN.

And from Sales of "Black Beauty."

Youth's Companion, \$700; Am. Tract Society, \$10; O. L. Galbraith, \$5; Cottage Hearth, \$15; Clara E. Rowell, \$10; Maryland S. P. C. A., \$6; Mrs. C. G. Chase, \$7.50; Woodward Mfg. Co., \$5; Mrs. Amy Woodward, \$10; Georgia S. P. C. A., \$5; Benj. S. Morgan, \$12.50; M. Politzer, \$12; Rev. L. L. Pickett, \$9; Della Sunderlin, \$5; Oregon Humane Society, \$30; Baker & Taylor Co., \$10; C. M. Parker, \$5.06; Hugh Lindsay, \$10; John Young, \$12; C. P. Carpenter, \$10; H. C. Northam, \$8; A. Flanagan, \$6.25; W. B. Harrison, \$10; Western Humane Journal, \$5; Geo. J. Kendall, \$5; Jas. E. Hughes, \$5; Mrs. E. Cavazza, \$6. All others in sums of less than \$5 each, \$107.64.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Animal World. London, England.
Zoophilist. London, England.
Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y.
Animal Herald. New Orleans, La.
Humane Journal. Chicago, Ill.
Animal Protector. Havre, France.
Bulletin of the Russian S. P. A. St. Petersburg, Russia.
Rhenish-Westphalian Journal of United Societies P. A. Cologne, Germany.

The Princess of Wales has given orders that nothing need be submitted for her inspection, or that of her daughters, in which birds are used as trimming. — *Boston Transcript*, Jan. 24.

THE DIMINUTION OF OUR INSECT-EATING BIRDS.

Will our readers who can do so please send us, in most condensed form, any facts within their knowledge in regard to the destruction and diminution of our insect-eating birds. We very much want to make good use of reliable facts on this subject.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

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